The Manager's daughter

Interlude. 1 act.

By

E. Lancaster

THE MANAGER'S DAUGHTER, *Scene* I.

THE MANAGER'S DAUGHTER;

AN INTERLUDE, IN ONE ACT.

BY

EDWARD LANCASTER, Esq.,

Author of "The Wildgoose Chase," "Hereditary Honors," &c. &c.

As performed at

THE THEATRE ROYAL, RICHMOND.

Also, at

THE THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

To which are added,

THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ, WITH GENERAL STAGE DIRECTIONS.

EMBELLISHED WITH AN ENGRAVING,

FROM A DRAWING TAKEN IN THE THEATRE DURING REPRESENTATION.

LONDON:

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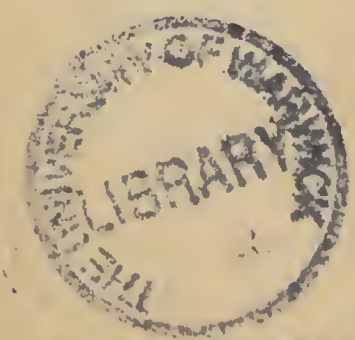

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MR DAVENPORT, Manager of the Theatre Royal, Richmond.	MR DAVENPORT.
MR J. WEBSTER, principal Low Comedian.	MR J. WEBSTER.
MR WRIGHT, First Tragedian.	MR WRIGHT.
SERVANT	MR MARKS.

Actors, Carpenters, &c.

MRS DAVENPORT, Manageress.	MRS DAVENPORT.
MISS DESBOROUGH, her leading actress.	MISS DESBOROUGH.
MISS JEAN MARGARET DAVENPORT, a young lady nine years of age.	MISS DAVENPORT.
HECTOR CARSPLITTER, a caricature sketch of a growing Yankee	MISS DAVENPORT.
MISS EFFIE HEATHERBLOOM, a blossom from the Highlands	MISS DAVENPORT.
FERGUS O' BOTHERWELL, a genuine specimen of an Irish bogtrotter	MISS DAVENPORT.
PAUL, a minstrel boy from *la grande* nation.	MISS DAVENPORT.
SASSINELLA THESPIS, an exquisite model of a first-rate genius	MISS DAVENPORT.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L. means first entrance left. R. first entrance right. S. E. L. second entrance left. S. E. R. second entrance right. U. E. L. upper entrance left. U. E. R. upper entrance right. C. centre. L. C. left centre. R. C. right centre. T. E. L. third entrance left. T. E. R. third entrance right. Observing you are supposed to face the audience.

THE MANAGER'S DAUGHTER.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in Manager's house* — MRS DAVENPORT *discovered seated at a table.*

Mrs D. What can detain Mr D. so long at rehearsal? he fatigues himself from morning to night—oh! little do audiences know the pains we endure for their pleasure:—the expense, the anxieties, and the frequent losses. (*Knock.*) Ah, that is my husband's knock, and here he comes.

Enter MR DAVENPORT—*He walks about in great perturbation.*

Dav. Was there ever any thing more perplexing! next to being king or prime minister—the situation of manager of a theatre is the most uncomfortable in the world.

Mrs D. (*Rising.*) Why, Mr D., what can be the matter?

Dav. Oh! my love, we are ruined!

Mrs. D. Mercy forbid!

Dav. All the hopes I had built on the strength of my approaching benefit are blighted; the company refuse to to go on in the masquerades without double salaries.

Mrs D. And on what plea, pray?

Dav. Anticipating that Lord Lofty's bespeak will cram the house; and, knowing, there is not another actor within

fifty miles, they are resolved, it being the last night of the season, to share the profits among themselves, without taking into consideration the great loss I have hitherto sustained.

Mrs D. What shameful ingratitude! but, yet, perhaps you had better comply, for if we disappoint Lord Lofty, we may forfeit his patronage for ever.

Dav. No, my love; as a manager, I always consider it a duty to let my company experience the effects of public liberality to the utmost; as a *man*, I have even, I hope, lent a willing hand to relieve their distresses; but on principle, I would perish rather than yield to insolence and extortion.

Mrs D. Then we are ruined! [*Retires and weeps.*

Enter MARGARET *singing, with a large doll in her arms.*

AIR.—*Merry Swiss Boy.*

Oh, my doll! pretty doll, what a darling you are;
How I doat on those pretty blue eyes!
Such a head!—lips so red!—it was dearest mamma
Who gave you to me for a prize;
And I will keep you all my life,
And you shall be another doll's wife.
Oh my doll, &c.

Oh, Papa! look at my new doll;—I shall be the envy of the entire school—Where 's ma?—Oh! there she is, and weeping!—Oh! mamma, what 's the matter?

[*Runs to Mrs D.*

Mrs D. Nothing, my child, nothing; play with your doll, there 's a good girl; you are not old enough to understand the cares of this life.

Mar. Oh, mamma, never mind that—do tell me what 's the matter? if it 's only that I may cry with you.

Mrs D. And why do you wish to do that, Margaret?

Mar. Because I think I ought;—you and dear papa are always so happy when I 'm joyful, that when I see you grieved, I almost think it a duty to be sad too.

Dav. My dear feeling girl! tell her, my love—she deserves to know all. [*Mrs D. tells her in dumb show.*

Enter SERVANT *with a letter.*

Ser. A letter from Lord Lofty, sir.

[*Delivers Letter and exit.*

Dav. (*Glancing over letter.*) So, places to be taken, sufficient to fill three more boxes; this increases my dilemma—I shall be obliged to disappoint half the town; I never was so perplexed in the whole course of my life.

Mar. (*Advancing.*) Is that all?—oh, never mind, papa; let the actors go if they please—I will supply their places.

Dav. and Mrs D. You, Margaret?

Mar. Yes—in the first place, I will take a part myself;—you know you have often said, you did not think I should be *very* bad on the stage; and, remember how I acted at our breaking-up.—"A horse, a horse! my kingdom for a horse!"

Dav. Well, child?

Mar. Well, papa; and, then, you know a great many of my school fellows are very clever:—there's Miss Effie Heatherbloom, she can dance like a fury; Master Fergus O'Botherwell is quite a young Betty; and as for Miss Sassinella Thespis, she equals Miss Jordan and Miss O'Neil put together; suppose, then, I get them to come and play for your benefit? it will be quite a novelty, you know, pa.

Dav. My dear child, I should not dare to bring anything but genuine talent before the public: it is a manager's duty, when he is paid by his audience, to let them have full value for their money.

Mar. But, you don't know how clever they are—I *will* go and fetch them.

Mrs D. You should never say you *will* against your father's wishes.—Come, Mr D., I will go with you to the Theatre myself, and see what my persuasions can effect.

[*Exeunt Mr and Mrs Davenport.*

Mar. What is to be done? this is the most serious thing that has occurred since I broke my last doll's nose; I wish I had been let to go for my school-fellows—ah, I have it; I can represent them *all* myself; papa didn't forbid *that*—and if I can deceive *him*, there is a probability of deceiving the company also, who will then be frightened into remaining with him, lest they lose their salaries; I shall thus be enabled to repay the debt of gratitude which I owe my parents;—let me hasten to the wardrobe.

"The fancy pleases, should the plot succeed
'Twill be a new way to pay old debts indeed."

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Interior of a Theatre during rehearsal time —Carpenter at work on a flat, representing a house with practicable door and windows.—Tragedian, Comedian, Miss Desborough, and other actors and actresses lounging on the stage.*

Com. (*A solemn looking personage.*) Well, ladies and gentlemen, I think we have given the manager a spice of our independence; who does he suppose was to cut comic mugs before noblemen, without being paid double sals?

Trag. (*A comic squab personage with a red nose.*) Or, how did he imagine I would act tragedy on such an occasion, under London terms? why, the ladies I should attract in "Romeo," would more than pay the expenses.—"It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!" Oh, there's nothing like shape.

Des. For my part, if I had it in my power, the management should never get any thing by us;—it is quite reward enough for them to see such talented creatures as myself for nothing.

Trag. Right, madam; the sight of your Juliet and my Romeo, is better than a full purse; it ought to fill pocket, stomach, and all.—"Peace! break off; see where he comes again!"

Enter DAVENPORT.

Dav. Well, gentlemen, I hope you have at length come to your senses.

Trag. (*Singing.*) "Hope told a flattering tale;"—"A tale as long as my arm."

Com. No, sir; if by coming to our senses, you imply a change of resolution, you are mistaken; I am your principal low comedian, it is true; but in this matter I am serious.

[*Turns up stage.*

Trag. (*Pompously.*) So am I; you never saw me otherwise Mr D.

[*Dav. turns up.*

Des. And I am so serious, that Momus himself could not make me smile.

[*Tosses her head disdainfully and joins the rest.*

Dav. This is the most scandalous treatment I ever experienced. (*Turns to the carpenter.*) What keeps you so long over that flat?—see to the platforms behind, and then get your scenes ready for night. (*Aside.*) I am out of all patience with every body.

[*Margaret sings without.*

AIR.—"*Yankee Doodle.*"

Yankee doodle came to town,
Mounted on a pony,
He stuck a feather in his cap
And called him Maccaroni.
Yankee doodle doodle do,
Yankee doodle dandy;
Yankee doodle loves a lass
As sweet as sugar candy.

Enter MARGARET *dressed as an American boy, with stick and bundle across her shoulders.*

Dav. In the name of goodness, what strange animal is this the spawn of?

Mar. (*Aside.*) I have thought it best to reconnoitre, to see how the land lies, before I assume a less palpable disguise than my present one. (*Aloud, in a singing tone.*) Well, now, be this the Play-house?

Dav. Why, this is some transatlantic importation!

Mar. Oh, yes!

Dav. Have you any business with me, pray?

Mar. Oh, no! you arnt the manager, I calculate.

Dav. I am!

Mar. Then I reckon I made a mistake;—where 's my father?

Dav. Really, young gentleman, I cannot tell: did you expect to find him here?

Mar. Oh, yes! we came to know if you wanted a help in the acting line.

Dav. And who is your father?—who are you?

Mar. I 'm Hector Earsplitter, the small! father 's Hector Earsplitter, the great! I 'm the young American Roscius, and father 's the old one;—and a tarnation fine actor he is I reckon. He licks all as I ever seed—and I licks him!

Trag. (*Advancing.*) Who speaks of licking a tragedian, when I am by?

Mar. Who are you?

Trag. Principal sigh-drawer, and tear extracter, to this establishment!

Mar. Pooh, you are a swankey!

Trag. Oh, horror! what 's a swankey?

Mar. I don't know; but you are—talk about play acting, you should see my father play-act! he can make more love in a minute, louder, and faster, than any three men of his size—

Com. (*Advancing.*) Does he profess low comedy?

Mar. Oh, no! what do you profess?

Trag. He sets himself up for a wit.

Mar. Then the sooner he sits down again the better.

Dav. (*Aside.*) There appears something about this lad; he may be clever; if so, it may be worth while engaging him, by way of novelty. (*To Margaret.*) Have you come far, my little man?

Mar. All the way from Connecticut.

Dav. But this morning?—

Mar. Well, not an immortal distance! but the way was ravenously increased by the ice, and for every step I took forwards, I slid three back again!

Dav. Then how did you get here at all?

Mar. Well, I turned round, and walked the opposite way.

Trag. It strikes me, young gent., that you are given to fibs!

Mar. Oh, yes! it 's an accomplishment I 'm proud of; there 's not a chap east of New Jersey as can lie like me! I 'll bet a diamond mine to a sunbeam, that I 'll lie, and tell you I lie and yet you shall believe the lie, all the time that I am lying.

Trag. Bragadocia—prove your words!

Mar. Well, you are a right down arnest, slickaway, bang up, prime, tarnation good sort of a chap! now, I calculate, no lie can be bigger than that, and yet you 'll believe it, I reckon.

Com. (*Laughing silently.*) Ha, ha, ha! you are in the wrong box, Mr Wright. [*They retire.*

Dav. You are a gifted youth, no doubt; but I wish to know something about your historine abilities.

Mar. Well, now, I don't know what I can say, except that I am a perfect star.

Dav. Ay, but did you never hear of a falling star?

Mar. Oh, yes! I catched one once, and chucked it into ts place again.

Dav. Oh, oh, oh! well I defy you to go beyond that!

Mar. I chucked my hat after it, with such a tarnation fine aim, that it fell bang over the star, and there has been an eclipse ever since.

Dav. Zounds! this is Baron Munchausen the Second.

Mar. Then, as to acting, I can do anything, from Hamlet,

to the bear in Perousse I can go through dashing comedy like a rattle-snake, and walk into tragedy like a cow into a turnip field: farce has been the serious study of my life; and in opera I 'm a tarnation good un! so is father; we could both lick John Kemble all of a heap, and smash Garrick into invincible nothingness! when we stamp in tragedy, we make the ground shake, so that the innocent part of the creation fancy an earthquake is going forward: when we appear in comedy, doctors are obliged to be in attendance, to sow the sides we split! and when we sing, all the nightingales in the place drop tarnation dead, with envy!

Dav. Better and better! do you add dancing to your other accomplishments?

Mar. Dancing! we can dance anything, from Jim Crow to a Spanish fandango! [*Imitates.*

"Wheel about, and turn about,
And do jist so;
Every time I wheel about,
I jump Jim Crow."

"La lal lal, la lal, lal lal, &c.

[*Hums a Spanish air, and dances part of a fandango.*

Dav. Bravo, bravo!

Mar. But what is more, we can do three things together; and while spouting tragedy to the boxes with our lips, we can give a slick away comic cock with our eyes; so to the galleries, and go on dancing this way to the pit, in a double shuffle. [*Imitates.*

Dav. Well, you must be extraordinary fellows! your father will, no doubt, be here shortly, and I will then talk about engaging you; meanwhile, go through yonder door which leads into the green room, and remain till he arrives.

Mar. (*Aside.*) Fortunately, that is also the way to the wardrobe; I find I am totally unsuspected, and now for a new disguise. (*Resumes her former style.*) Well, I reckon, I can't be in better company than my own; I 'll keep myself warm by practising the steps that I saw executed by a kangaroo, once, when I brought him down with my rifle; my eye! he did dance, surely, "with his wheel about, and turn about, and do jist so,—

[*Singing, and exit dancing through door in flat.*

Dav. If that lad's father be the genius he describes, 't will be worth while offering him an engagement.

[*Tragedian and Comedian come forward.*

Com. Well, sir, are we to be detained here all the morning, before you agree to our terms?

Dav. (*Aside.*) A lucky thought! I will make use of what has occurred to bring them to reason. (*Aloud.*) I told you before, ladies and gents., that nothing should induce me to alter my determination; besides, I have serious thoughts of dispensing with your services altogether, and engaging a juvenile company.

Des. Oh, what an outrageous absurdity! that little American wretch was, I suppose, a specimen.

Dav. Fie, madam! the Americans are a gifted and enterprising set of people, and deserve not to have such an epithet applied to a single member, whatever his peculiarities.

Des. Sermonizing—oh, let's away! but we'll not quit the theatre until we see what sort of urchins he will gather together. A juvenile company—ha, ha, ha! [*Exit.*

Trag. If it were consistent with the duty of a tragedian to laugh, I should bellow like a bull; a juvenile company! we shall have whalers extracting sperm oil from sprats next.

[*Exit.*

Com. It is seldom I quote from a character I play, but if you succeed, I must say, as Dogberry says, "be sure you write me down an ass!"

[*Exit, followed by rest of company.*

Dav. This ridicule is only employed to conceal their fears at my threat; egad, I wish, now, I had permitted Margaret to call upon her schoolfellows; but, pshaw, what could they have done, eh? whom have we here?

Enter MARGARET *as Effie Heatherbloom, a scotch lass.*

Mar. Eh, what a braw gentleman. (*Curtsies.*) If ye please, sir, do ye ken where your wee leetle daughter is?

Dav. And what want you with my wee leetle daughter, my dear?

Mar. I 'm so unco shame faced, I dinna like to tell.

Dav. Dont be afraid; come, tell me—what is it?

Mar. Why, if you please, sir, —hi, hi, hi—she speer'd me to come and act a braw play for you.

Dav. Oh, she did! well, this is lucky—but what do you know about plays?

Mar. Oh, an unco deal! I mind weel, when I was in my ain bonny Scotland, how night after night, we used, at gloaming, to have siccan braw plays at, "wha's ganning round my bonnie stane wa," "Betsy's gane a milking," and "here we gang round the gooseberry bush." My word, them were plays worth speaking of!

Dav. Yes, yes, yes! but I mean dramatic plays, such as tragedies and comedies.

Mar. Comedies, eh? I ken a' aboot them; I remember a comedy I once saw at Glasgy—my heart alive, I nearly died a laughing at it.

Dav. And what was it called?

Mar. Let me see—thel—loo—aye, Othello.

Dav. Othello!

Mar. Yes, there was a chap for all the world like a chimney sweep, dressed up in gold and diments, and he made a grand elopement to Gretna Green, wi' one Desdemona; my word, there was siccan a hallabaloo after them, but they got clear off; and then a sodger chap got four; and then the bell went ding dong, as if a' the town went mad; weel, after that, the man with the black face gied his wife a pillow to haud her head up in bed, while he played an unco lot o' mountebank tricks, that he 'd learned some where or other for her amusement.

Dav. Mountebank tricks!

Mar. Aye, the last of them was to put a muckle dirk to his throat, and kick up his heels without hurting himself; he fell flat on his back, better than any tumbler I ever saw; and a' the folks began to clap their hands, and I came away laughing, fit to bursten my sides.

Dav. Very laughable, truly; and so it is in a comedy of this kind you wish to act?

Mar. Ah, no, no, no! I like to act tragedy where there's a braw lot o' singing and dancing.

Dav. And can you dance?

Mar. Dance! the vara word makes my bluid sally fra' my heart to my heels. Dance! I ha' danced at a penny wedding mair blythsome than the bride. Dance! I ha' danced over the bonnie purple heath flower with the blythsome morn shining aboon me, and the bright stars wink-

ing their e'en at me, and the sweet Lavarock piping to my steps till a' seemed fairy-land, and the earth herself seemed dancing fra' beneath my feet. Dance! reel, fling, jig, and strathspy! Dance! the sound is music, and I cannot resist beating time to it.

[*Scotch dance, and exit through door in flat.*

Dav. That 's the wench for me! nature has taught her grace, and enthusiasm given her motion: why, she would set a London audience mad! her melodies, to me, would rival the lyre of Orpheus in effect, and her nimble movements teach a lesson that would make a gouty man skip: I will go and talk to Mrs Davenport, directly, about engaging her; or, stay, I had better wait till I have seen a few more specimens of these boarding-school misses, for it would never do if all their notions of tragedy and comedy agreed with those expressed by this little northern lassie.—Now, sir, what do you want?

Enter SERVANT *with an old woman's dress—a pair of green spectacles, with nose and chin attached—cap, stick, looking-glass, and skipping rope.*

Ser. I have brought Miss Davenport's masquerade dresses, sir—shall I take them into the wardrobe?

Dav. No, I am not certain that they will be required—you may place them on that table for the present.

Ser. Very well, sir. (*Places them on table.*) So I have obeyed Miss Margaret as far as possible; but what whim she has got in her head, I am at a loss to guess!

[*Exit.*

Mary. (*Without.*) "With my row dow dow, row dow dow,
My English Irish row dow dow;
Each *eye* shall listen,
Each *ear* shall glisten,
To my English Irish row dow dow!"

Dav. Whom have we here? by the accent it should be a member of the sister isle; surely, I am not fated to receive a visit from some puny whipster, desirous of eclipsing Jack Johnstone.

[*Margaret heard without, singing in the Irish Brogue.*

If e'er I go out to a wake, I never consider how late 'tis.
While there's whiskey enough to be got, and plenty of roasted paraties.
Terry I oh, I oh; Terry I oh for Auld Ireland.

Enter MARGARET *as an Irish Bogtrotter.—Small brown Jacket, with large hole in the elbow, and hay stuck in the top of his hat as an apology for a crown.*

Dav. Well, where did you come from?

Mar. Where did I come from! sure, didn't I come from the neatest spot in all little Ireland just close by the Bog of Ulster?

Dav. Well, and what brought you here?

Mar. What brought me here! sure, the same thing that brought my fader and moder.

Dav. And what was that?

Mar. Sure, a big ship! a *stame* ship they called it; with a great big chimney pot stuck in the middle of it! and, och, such a lot of people, and cows, and pigs, and poultry, squeaking and quarrelling altogether. Sure, it was no wonder we were in hot water all the way.

Dav. And what do you want with me?

Mar. What do I want! vourneen, I want nothing! but Paddy M' Guire, that keeps the sign of the Pig and Salt-box, tould me, that you wanted a lad or two that could act in a play, and so I thowt I 'd come and offer my services.

Dav. You an actor, with that infernal brogue! I want none of your Irish bulls here.

Mar. A brogue is it you mane? devil a bit of brogue is there about it; and as to bulls, sure, you needn't be after talking of *Irish* bulls, when I can prove there are as many, if not more, in England. Sure, didn't I stop at a public-house, and what was the sign of it? by my sowl, "The Red Cow." Now, whoever heard of a red cow? divil a one! so the Red Cow's a bull after all. Now, look at dis, sir; don't you always say you 'll put on your coat and waistcoat, and your shoes and stockings? Now, do you ever put on your coat before your waistcoat, or your shoes before your stockings? answer me dat, now! and even your lawyers with their big wigs, make some pretty blunders; wasn't Teddy O' Shane indicted for manslaughter because he killed a woman? and didn't the crowner's jury bring in a vardict of fell into de sea, on Cornelius O' Sullivan, who cut his throat? And didn't my fader send me to get a new spade in Holborn, at the sign of the Little Dustpan? and didn't I travel half the town over to find it out? and when I axed a spalpeen which was the Little Dust-pan, sure, he showed me a great big tin shovel, that would have carried a bushel of paraties without spilling.

Dav. Well, and what sort of parts can you play ?

Mar. Sure, I can play any thing, and every thing—tragedy, comedy, dancing, singing,—

Dav. Oh, you can sing !

Mar. To be sure I can, like Phelim Fogarty's tay-kettle —listen, and I 'll sing you my fader's history.

SONG.

AIR.—*Norah Crena.*

My father liv'd near Ulster Town,
So young, so handsome, and so frisky,
He 'd dance or sing, or knock you down,
Whene'er his head was full of whiskey;
He kept a horse, a cow and hog,
A garden too, and son and daughter,
His horse stood just beside a bog,
And the fish pond had no fish nor water.
Whack fal lara, lara, &c., &c.

But mushagree bad luck fell out,
My fader went to wake one day,
A storm came on while he was out,
And blew the house quite clane away;
The cow was killed, off went his hog,
The daughter flew clane out of sight,
His horse took lodging in the bog,
And so my dad was ruined quite.

Dav. Well, and what did he do after that ?

Mar. Och, sure, he took to larn a genteel profession. He turned builder and haymaker, and shouldered the hod ; and och, 'twould have done your heart good to see how he 'd run up and down a three-story ladder ; and then when business run slack in that line, he 'd take the rake and pitchfork and toss the hay about ; and so, after a bit, his uncle, Mr Reilly, said, if he 'd like to try his fortune in England, he 'd give him the means to go over—so we all came away togeder. And we did not ride because we were obliged to walk, for fear the few thirteens we had got should be spent—and I walked on first ; and, presently, I saw an empty post-chaise, wid a lady and gentleman in it ; and so I called out "stop a bit, if you plase, while I get up and ride behind ;" but the deuce a bit did they stop ; and I saw an ugly voice look out of the chaise window and say, get along you dirty blackguard ! bad manners to you, says I—be off wid your dirty

shay, I wouldn't demean myself by running by the side of it, at all, at all! and when we got to London, my fader took an elegant lodging in the Seven dials, down one pair of stairs—he goes to house building, and my moder has opened a genteel shop.

Dav. A shop!

Mar. Yes, she sells ould shoes and buys rabbit skins. But, only you let me play a part in your theatre, and see if I don't astonish you.

Dav. I shall be astonished if you don't get laughed at.

Mar. And, sure, that's the very thing I want; only let me give 'em a bit of Darby, or father Luke in the Poor soldier, and see if they don't scream themselves into fits; and as for my tragedy parts, och, the tears will run as plentiful as the Liffey, when the tide's coming in.

Dav. Stop, stop! we'll say nothing about the tragedy business, but I have some notion of trying you in the Irish parts, such as Dennis Bulgruddery, or Looney Mactwolter.

Mar. Och, that's the very thing! see how I'll charm all hearts with my beautiful voice when I give 'em,

[*Sings.*

Oh, whack! Cupid's a manikin,
Smack on my back he hit me a poulter,
Oh, whack! Judy O'Flannkin,
She is the girl for Looney Macwolter.

[*Exit through the door in flat.*

Dav. He has a capital brogue for Dennis Bulgruddery; and, I dare say, makes his companions as merry as crickets. (*Dav. seats himself.*) And now let me reflect upon the situation in which I am placed. I have an American youth who promises wonders—a little northern beauty, with heels as nimble as light—and an Irish Lad, who speaks as largely as the transatlantic oddity. Then, I have my daughter, Margaret—but I can't build upon her; one so young could scarcely have nerve to study a part, much less to go through with it. (*Organ heard without.*) Ah! yonder is one of the numerous unfortunates which the recent convulsions abroad have thrown pennyless upon our shores. Poor little wanderers—my heart bleeds for them!

Enter MRS DAVENPORT.

My love, is that you?

Mrs Dav. Yes, I have done every thing, but go on my knees to the company—yet they remain inexorable.

Dav. You shall not go near them again; circumstances have transpired since I saw you last, which gives me hopes that our daughter will prove a treasure to us.

Mrs Dav. In what way, Mr D.?

Dav. She has, in spite of our prohibition, been amongst her school-fellows, and I doubt not, that after all, we shall be enabled to raise a juvenile company for our benefit;—hark! what sounds are those?

[*Margaret sings without,*—"Gentle Laurette, gentle Laurette!—La rosé, La rose, La rose! D'amour, &c."—

Mrs Dav. It is the poor organist who played so plaintively a moment or two ago.

Dav. He comes this way; egad, if the band had struck, he would have served as a musician.

Enter MARGARET *as a French Organist—crosses to Mrs Davenport and sings.*

SONG.—MARGARET.

AIR.—*Gaily the Troubadour.*

Sadly the minstrel boy wanders from home,
Sadly must he from his dear country roam;
Pity him, lady fair, shed mercy's ray,
Lady fair, lady fair, pity I pray.

Sadly I 've wander'd over mountain and vale,
Many an echo has repeated my wail:
I 've travel'd through desert, and sail'd over sea,
Lady fair, lady fair, pity poor me.

Lady, those crystal tears bright on thy cheek,
Gems from a kindly heart, pity bespeak;
Lady, the minstrel's heart answers each tear,
Lady fair, lady fair, pity dwells here.

Gaily the minstrel boy shall now sing and dance,
Viva viva L' Angleterre vive viva la France;
Sadly the minstrel boy no longer shall roam,
For lady fair, lady fair, has found him a home.

Mrs Dav. My poor child! how can I serve you?

Mar. (*Putting the organ on the ground.*) Pandonney un

garcon, madame; I am one leetle orphan shield, widout no fader and no moder. Good people, tell me if dis be de place where one grande lady and gentlehomme pay much large money to hear de moosic and de dance, and to see de pretty song.

Mrs Dav. Poor little fellow! you have mistaken, this is not the place where your plaintive strains can be appreciated with profit.

Mar. Oh, *tres*, gentle madame! you no say dat—*je suis*—cold, cold! like one small robin widout his nest. My heart be sore, and my foot be weary—mine eyes are dry for want of sleep, and I cannot even cry!—do take me in.

Mrs Dav. Such relief as I can afford shall be your's, sweet orphan—but here you would be useless.

Mar. Den me go back to France, and die; but you no cast me off; tink how you like one leetle shild of your own to wander as I have done. When I lose my home and my parents, I go here and I go dere, but no one knew me; dey forget de *pauvre* shild of un rich fader. Den I buy de organ, and I play and sing for charity—but I no get one sous. Every body pass and look so happy, yet no try to make me happy, too; so den I go to de grave where my parents lie buried, and I kiss it, and pluck some grass to wear in my bosom: and after dat I go into de wide world to seek my fortune. I have wandered tro de Tyrol, and over de Piedmont—I went all over Picardy, and crossed de Alps widout a shoe to keep my feet from de snow—de snow for mine bed—de cold sky for mine only shelter; even den, me tink de stars be angel's eyes watching over me. I hear of Angleterre, and come over; oh, den, take me to your Theatre, and me dance wid foot so light and heart so merry, dat your own kind heart jumps to see me.

Mrs Dav. What can I do?

Mar. See, see! Monsieur, dere, smiles upon me! *Eh, bien tres, bonne fortune!* me found a home at last.

Mar. The child quite interests me! what can have reduced you to this condition?

Mar. Helas mon dieu, it was de revolution. We one day sit at dinner, when we heard de flash of light and see de clap of cannon; den fader dropt his knife and fork to listen; den de tocsin sound, and ten thousand voices cry "*aux armes, aux armes.*" Mon pere rise like one hero! he

takes his sword and he rush out, and ma moder follow; I cry to dem not to leave me, but dey no hear me; so I take pistol and go too. Oh, what terrible sight I den see! blood, and fire, and smoke—de dying and de dead! still I push on to seek my parents; when I see young capitaine gallop past —I raise my weapon to fire! but I tink of his little ones, and de tears they would shed for his loss, and let him live; but he no tink so for me! he gallop on, and den—ah, lady, lady! den he cut down mon fader—he stagger—he no fall —he say "*vive la nation, vive la France!*" Den den, he sink! —de soldires come on—I shriek—I cry—I cling to dere knees, as I do to yours for pity!—dey no hear—dey no see —ten thousand sabres strike at once—I feel hot blood spout over me—I hear mon fader groan—I see, I see him die!

[*Bursts into tears.*

Mrs Dav. (*Weeping.*) Child, child—I cannot bear this!

Mar. (*Sobbing.*) Don't weep, lady—don't weep! you look like ma moder when she looked at me, but she no cry like you; no, she look pale and calm—she kissa me with lips like ice; den she kiss mon fader, and look up to heaven —I speak—I call—she no answer—I hide ma face in her bosom—lady, lady, she dead too!

Dav. Heavens, what a tale! how did you endure such misery?

Mar. My heart break—but I get over it, and come here for charity.

Mrs Dav. And charity you shall have, poor child! rise —you will find, yonder, a fire to warm you; meanwhile, I will prepare both clothing and refreshment.

Mar. Oh, happy day! *Je vous rendez grace, madame; Jevous remercie monsieur*

[*Kisses the hand of Mr and Mrs Davenport, and slings organ round his neck.*

I shall be so happy! I shall dance like one lark, and sing like one leaf in de breeze.

[*Dances and sings,* "Gaily the minstrel boy," *and exit through door in flat.*

Mrs Dav. The boy has made me cry like a simpleton.

Dav. I will not swear that my eyes are perfectly dry. But, come, time wears, and much remains unfinished.

Mrs Dav. I will away directly; do not be long ere you follow.

[*Exit.*

Dav. (*Reflecting.*) I have it; I will have a piece written introducing characters from different nations; I only want a clever English girl, and my juvenile company is complete.

Enter MISS DESBOROUGH, *arm in arm with the* TRAGEDIAN *and* COMEDIAN.

Des. Pray, Mr D.—ha, ha, ha! pray has your wonderful assembly of living puppets arrived yet?

Dav. Part of it, madam; if you cast your eye into the green-room, you will see a group of liliputions that will make you as envious as you are high.

Des. Oh, la—that would be a sight! shall we go, gentlemen?

Trag. By all means! my next piece of acting will be like nature—I shall grow serious at the folly.

Com. On the contrary, it will make me laugh, as I do my audience—ha, ha, ha—heigho!

[*Exit Tragedian, Comedian, and Miss Desborough.*

Dav. I 'm all anxiety to know the result; if my young proteges display specimens of decided talents, my refractory actors will be put on the *qui vive.* Oh, Thespis, Thespis! what cares you have entailed upon your unhappy children.

Enter MARGARET, *fashionably attired.*

Mar. Did you call, sir?

Dav. No, child, I don't even know your name.

Mar. Didn't your daughter tell you, it was Sassinella Thespis at your service, sir? [*Curtseys.*

Dav. Oh, then, you are another of her schoolmates?

Mar. (*Curtseying, and speaking with much simplicity.*) Yes, sir.

Dav. And are sent by her?

Mar. Yes, sir.

Dav. Then let me have a little conversation with you.

Mar. Yes, sir. [*Curtseys, and approach.*

Dav. Your governess allows you to get up private plays amongst you?

Mar. Yes, sir.

Dav. And are you all very clever?

Mar. Yes, sir—no, sir—some are, and some are not.

Dav. I should scarcely suspect you of belonging to the former class.

Mar. (*Altering her style to one full of spirit and vivacity.*) What, you were misled by my diffidence; but, pardon all boldness, and you shall no longer complain of that. I can be gay and full of sport: but, you know, sir, little girls should not always be so.

Dav. You are right, my little dear—I should like to be present at one of your entertainments.

Mar. You would laugh rarely, sir, at some of us; there was Miss Jacquilina Snubbs, for instance, in playing Lady Anne, spoke thus. (*Speaks in a drawling school-girl's voice—one speech of Lady Anne commencing with* "hung be the heavens with black.") Then there was Master Signor Snuffle in playing Douglass, declaims in this way,

[*Imitates,* "My name is Norval."

Dav. Ha, ha, ha!

Mar. But the finest fun was to hear Miss Polly Screech-owl favor us with a song. [*Sings verse of fashionable song.*

Dav. You are quite a mimic; I shouldn't wonder, now, if you could play all these things properly yourself.

Mar. Aye, that I could; any thing, from a girl of fifteen to an old woman of fifty.

Dav. You can never assume the wrinkles of age.

Mar. Had I a dress I 'd soon convince you. (*Sees masquerade dress.*) Ah, there is one; I will make up for an old woman, in a moment! [*Goes to table and dresses.*

Dav. (*After watching her.*) Upon my word, this seems to be a most extraordinary child.

Mar. (*Hobbling forward with a stick, and speaking like an old woman.*) Aye, aye; but children are not what they were in my time; I am now three score and ten, and have been a mother myself. (*Sings—air, Old English Gent.*) Aye, aye; it 's all very fine talking—you are a young man compared to me; but when you reach my age, you will discover that modern politeness is nothing to old fashioned sincerity—that ancient charity was better than all the new poor-laws in the world—and, that, however glorious England may be, that it was her forefathers laid the foundation of her constitution.

Dav. I can scarcely believe my eyes—my ears; it surely

must be a real old woman! those wrinkles are genuine—the hobbling gait unassumed—and the step, for ever deprived of the elasticity of youth.

Mar. We 'll enquire into the truth of that, young man.

[*Throws off dress—catches up skipping-rope, and skips several times on stage.*

TRAGEDIAN, COMEDIAN, *and* MISS DESBOROUGH *Re-enter.*

Dav. Bravo, Bravissimo!

Des. It 's very strange I can't see any thing of—hey-day! who have we here?

Dav. One, madam, whose fame, I hope, will shortly spread from one end of the kingdom to the other.

Des. What, a little chit like that!

Mar. Pray, madam, were you never a little child, or were you born a woman?

Des. Hold your impertinent tongue!

Mar. Oh, yes! you would silence the chit, that you may have all the chat to yourself.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Des. It 's all very well; but when minxes are so forward, they seldom have any ability to support their pretensions.

Dav. To the proof, madam—to the proof! a hundred guineas that she recites a passage from Shakspere with superior wit to you.

Des. Indeed! mark how speedily I will extinguish the glimmering of her little rushlight.

[*Speech from Lady Macbeth.* "I 've known what it is to give such, &c."—*Bombastically.*

Dav. (*Leading Mar. forward.*) Now, listen to one whose conceptions have sprung from nature alone.

Mar. I 'm almost afraid to begin.

[*Recites a favorite speech—all applaud except Miss Desborough, to whom Margaret curtseys.*

I hope, madam, I have entertained you.

Des. I shall go mad! I 'll tear your little eyes out! begone, miss, before I do you a mischief.

[*Chases Margaret round stage.*

Mar. Oh, dear—oh, dear!

[*Makes her escape through door in flat, which she closes as Miss Desborough is about to enter.*

Dav. Well, gentlemen, what think you of this specimen?

Com. Why, if all the articles equal the sample, I care not how soon I enjoy another treat.

Mar. (*Appears at one of the upper windows as Hector Earsplitter.*) I say, how much longer am I to wait? I 'm blessed if I havn't staid long enough for eternity to begin and end; and that 's too long for any one's notions I calculate. [*Disappears.*

Des. Why, that is the little American wretch, again.

Trag. I begin to fear that the manager has diddled us.

Mar. (*At another window, as Effie.*) Eh, sir, here has been sice awfu' work! they are a tired of waiting your further pleasure. [*Disappears.*

Dav. They shall not, now, wait another instant.

Com. Our hour has almost come.

Mar. (*At another window, as Fergus.*) Come, come, ould gentleman—aint your consideration over yet? we shall find ourselves walking into the middle of next week, if we wait many centuries longer. [*Disappears.*

Com. Oh, I 'll alter my mind! (*To Mr D.*) Second thoughts, sir, are best; and I have no objection to continue my services as usual.

Dav. I have now, sir, no occasion for the services of any of you.

Mar. (*Appearing as Paul.*) Monsieur, Monsieur! has the kind lady with de sweet tones, and de tearful eye, returned yet? [*Disappears.*

Dav. She will return immediately.

Trag. and Com. I say, we have bamboozled ourselves after all. Managers appear like magicians, to be enabled to raise a company at pleasure.

Des. If I had not thought myse'f secure, I would never have joined the out-break; do, Wright, there 's a good soul, —try what you can do to bring matters round again.

Trag. I will.

Mar. (*At window, as Sassinella.*) Has the mad actress made her escape? is the coast clear?

Dav. All is safe; and you may approach when you please. [*Disappears.*

Trag. Well, I confess, you have surprised me by the activity you have displayed. Let them all appear, and in

their presence we pledge ourselves to ratify all our engagements.

Enter MAR. *in propria persone.*

Mar. They are here.

Omnes. How?

Mar. Yes; in my person you behold them all; I know that you will forgive the cheat, and that papa will over-look my presumption. (*Advances.*) But what will my patrons say? ah, I fear not them! my efforts were to save a father.

And never yet in such a holy cause,
Did kindly hands withhold that sweet applause,
Than which more joyous nought the ear can bless,
For, ah, it carries tidings of success!